

And beare the Palme, for hauing brauely shed  
Thy Wife and Childrens blood: For my selfe, Sonne,  
I purpose not to waite on Fortune, till  
These warres determine: If I cannot perswade thee,  
Rather to shew a Noble grace to both parts,  
Then seeke the end of one; thou shalt no sooner  
March to assault thy Country, then to treade  
(Trust too't, thou shalt not) on thy Mothers wombe  
That brought thee to this world.

*Virg.* I, and mine, that brought you forth this boy,  
To keepe your name liuing to time.

*Boy.* A shall not tread on me: He run away  
Till I am bigger, but then He fight.

*Corio.* Not of a womans tendernes to be,  
Requies nor Childe, nor womans face to see:  
I have sate too long.

*Volum.* Nay, go not from vs thus:  
If it were so, that our request did tend  
To saue the Romanes, thereby to destroy  
The Volces whom you serue, you might condemne vs  
As poysonous of your Honour. No, our suite  
Is that you reconcile them: While the Volces  
May say, this mercy we haue shew'd: the Romanes,  
This we recei'd, and each in either side  
Giue the All-hail to thee, and cry be Blest  
For making vp this peace. Thou know'st (great Sonne)  
The end of Warres vncertaine: but this certaine,  
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit  
Which thou shalt thereby reape, is such a name  
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with Curses:  
Whose Chronicle thus writ, The man was Noble,  
But with his last Attempt, he wip'd it out:  
Destroy'd his Country, and his name remaines  
To th'insuing Age, abhorr'd. Speake to me Son:  
Thou hast affected the fine straines of Honor,  
To imitate the graces of the Gods.  
To teare with Thunder the wide Cheekes a'th' Ayre,  
And yet to change thy Sulphure with a Boulte  
That should but rine an Oake. Why do'st not speake?  
Think'st thou it Honourable for a Nobleman  
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speake you:  
He cares not for your weeping. Speake thou Boy,  
Perhaps thy childishnesse will moue him more  
Then can our Reasons. There's no man in the world  
More bound to's Mother, yet heere he let's me prate  
Like one i'th' Stocks. Thou hast neuer in thy life,  
Shew'd thy deere Mother any curtesie,  
When she (poore Hen) fond of no second brood,  
Ha's clock'd thee to the Warres: and safelie home  
Loden with Honor. Say my Request's vniust,  
And spurme me backe: But, if it be not so  
Thou art not honest, and the Gods will plague thee  
That thou restrain'st from me the Duty, which  
To a Mothers part belongs. He turnes away:  
Down Ladies: let vs shame him with him without knees  
To his sur-name *Coriolanus* longs more pride  
Then pity to our Prayers. Downe: an end,  
This is the last. So, we will home to Rome,  
And dye among our Neighbours: Nay, behold's,  
This Boy that cannot tell what he would haue,  
But kneeles, and holds vp hands for fellowship,  
Doe's reason our Pétition with more strength  
Then thou hast to deny't. Come, let vs go:  
This Fellow had a Volcean to his Mother:  
His Wife is in *Corioles*, and his Childe  
Like him by chance: yet giue vs our dispatch:

I am hush't vntill our City be afire, & then He speake a litle  
*Holds her by the hand silent.*

*Corio.* O Mother, Mother!  
What haue you done? Behold, the Heauens do ope,  
The Gods looke downe, and this vnnaturall Scene  
They laugh at. Oh my Mother, Mother: Oh!  
You haue wonne a happy Victory to Rome,  
But for your Sonne, beleue it: Oh beleue it,  
Most dangerously you haue with him preuail'd,  
If not most mortall to him. But let it come:  
*Aufidius*, though I cannot make true Warres,  
He frame conuenient peace. Now good *Aufidius*,  
Were you in my steed, would you haue heard  
A Mother lesse? or granted lesse *Aufidius*?

*Auf.* I was mou'd withall.

*Corio.* I dare be sworne you were:  
And fir, it is no little thing to make  
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But (good fir)  
What peace you'll make, aduise me: For my part,  
He not to Rome, He backe with you, and pray you  
Stand to me in this cause. Oh Mother! Wife!

*Auf.* I am glad thou hast set thy mercy, & thy Honor  
At difference in thee: Out of that He worke  
My selfe a former Fortune.

*Corio.* I by and by; But we will drinke together:  
And you shall beare

A better witness backe then words, which we  
On like conditions, will haue Counter-seal'd.  
Come enter with vs: Ladies you defense  
To haue a Temple built you: All the Swords  
In Italy, and her Confederate Armes,  
Could not haue made this peace.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Menenius and Sicinius.*

*Men.* See you yon'd Coin a'th Capitol, yon'd corner

*Sicinius.* Why what of that?

*Men.* If it be possible for you to displace it with your  
little finger, there is some hope the Ladies of Rome, espe-  
cially his Mother, may preuaile with him. But I say, there  
is no hope in't, our throats are sentenc'd, and stay vpon  
execution.

*Sicinius.* Is't possible, that so short a time can alter the  
condition of a man.

*Men.* There is differency between a Grub & a But-  
terfly, yet your Butterfly was a Grub: this *Martius*, is  
growne from Man to Dragon: He has wings, hee's more  
then a creeping thing.

*Sicinius.* He lou'd his Mother deere.

*Men.* So did he mee: and he no more remembers his  
Mother now, then an eight yeare old horse. The tarmesse  
of his face, sowes ripe Grapes. When he walks, he moues  
like an Engine, and the ground shrinks before his Trea-  
ding. He is able to pierce a Corset with his eye: Talks  
like a knell, and his hum is a Battery. He sits in his State,  
as a thing made for *Alexander*. What he bids bee done, is  
finisht with his bidding. He wants nothing of a God but  
Eternity, and a Heauen to Throne in.

*Sicinius.* Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

*Men.* I paint him in the Character. Mark what mer-  
cy his Mother shall bring from him: There is no more  
mercy in him, then there is milke in a male-Tyger, that  
shall our poore City sinde: and all this is long of you.

*Sicinius.* The Gods be good vnto vs.

*Men.* No, in such a case the Gods will not bee good  
vnto vs, When we banish'd him, we respected not them:  
and he returning to breake our necks, they respect not vs.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.*

*Mess.* Sir, if you'd saue your life, flye to your House,  
The Plebeians haue got your Fellow Tribune,  
And hale him vp and downe; all swearing, if  
The Romane Ladies bring not comfort home.  
They'l giue him death by inches.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Sicinius.* What's the Newes? (*preuail'd*)  
*Mess.* Good Newes, good newes, the Ladies haue  
The Volcians are dislodg'd, and *Martius* gone:  
A merrier day did neuer yet greet Rome,  
No, not th'expulsion of the *Tarquins*.

*Sicinius.* Friend, art thou certaine this is true?

*Mess.* It's most certaine.

*Mess.* As certaine as I know the Sun is fire:  
Where haue you lurk'd that you make doubt of it:  
Ne're through an Arch so hurried the blowne Tide,  
As the recomfited through th'gates. Why harke you:

*Trumpets, Hoboyes, Drums beate, altogether.*

The Trumpets, Sack-buts, Psalteries, and Fifes,  
Tabors, and Symboles, and the shewing Romans,  
Make the Sunne dance. Hearke you. *A shout within*

*Men.* This is good Newes:

I will go meete the Ladies. This *Volumnia*,  
Is worth of Consuls, Senators, Patricians,  
A City full: Of Tribunes such as you,  
A Sea and Land full: you haue pray'd well to day:  
This Morning, for ten thousand of your throates,  
I'de not haue giuen a doir. Harke, how they ioy.

*Sound still with the Shouts.*

*Sicinius.* First, the Gods blesse you for your tydings:

Next, accept my thankfulness.

*Mess.* Sir, we haue all great cause to giue great thanks.

*Sicinius.* They are neere the City.

*Mess.* Almost at point to enter.

*Sicinius.* Wee'l meet them, and helpe the ioy. *Exeunt.*

*Enter two Senators, with Ladies, passing over  
the Stage, with other Lords.*

*Sena.* Behold our Patronesse, the life of Rome:  
Call all your Tribes together, praise the Gods,  
And make triumphant fires, strew Flowers before them:  
Vnshoot the noise that Banish'd *Martius*:  
Repeale him, with the welcome of his Mother:  
Cry welcome Ladies, welcome.

*All.* Welcome Ladies, welcome.

*A Flourish with Drummes & Trumpets.*

*Enter Titus & Aufidius, with Attendants.*

*Auf.* Go tell the Lords a'th City, I am heere:  
Delier them this Paper: hauing read it,  
Bid them repaire to th'Market place, where I  
Euen in theirs, and in the Commons cares  
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse:  
The City Ports by this hath enter'd, and  
Intends to appeare before the People, hoping  
To purge himselfe with words. Dispatch.

*Enter 3 or 4 Conspirators of Aufidius Faction.*

Most Welcome.

*1. Con.* How is it with our Generall?

*Auf.* Euen so, as with a man by his owne Almes im-  
poyson'd, and with his Charity flaine.

*2. Con.* Most Noble Sir, If you do hold the same intent  
Wherein you wisht vs parties: Wee'l deliuer you  
Of your great danger.

*Auf.* Sir, I cannot tell,

We mu

3. Con.

'Twixt

Makes

Auf.

And my

A good

Mine He

He wate

Seducing

He bow

But to be

3. Con.

When he

By lacke

Auf.

Being ban

Presente

Made his

In all his

Out of m

My best a

In mine c

Which h

To do my

I seem'd

He wadg

I had bin

1. Con.

The Arm

When he

For no les

Auf.

For which

At a few

As cheap

Of our gr

And He re

D

1. Con.

And had n

Splitting

2. Con.

Whose ch

With giui

3. Con.

Ere he exp

With wha

Which we

After your

His Reason

Auf. S

All Lor

Auf. I

But worth

What I ha

All, W

1. Lord.

What fault

Might hau

Where he

The benefi

With our

There was